LITTLE DENNY MUD

He Turns a Corner

MODELED IN CLAY BY C. A. BEATY

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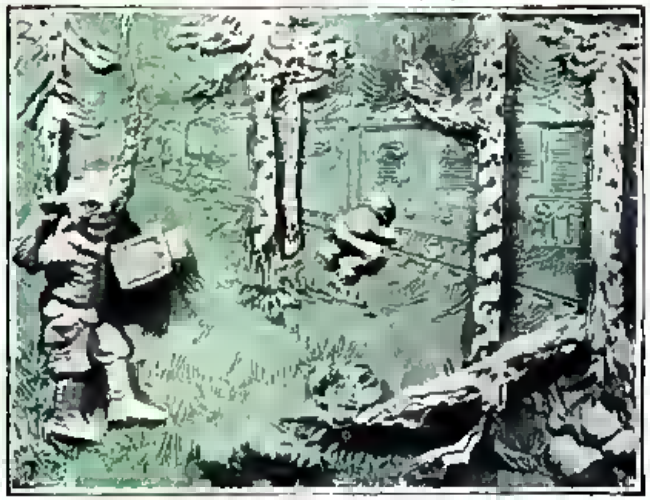
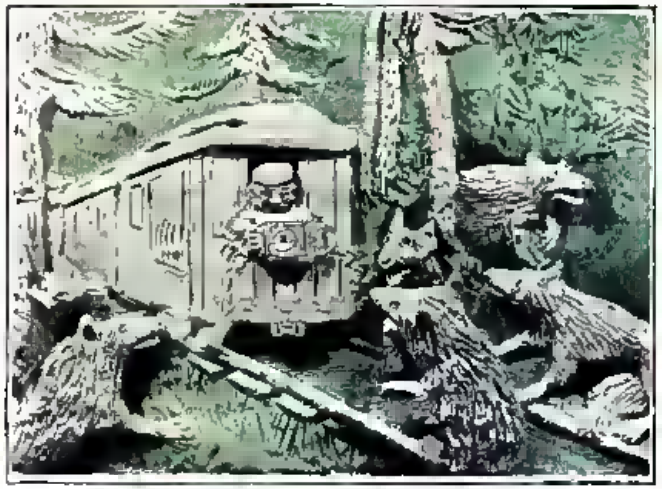
In bleak and cold Siberia bold Denny never fails.
He shows the workmen how to mend a fracture in the rails.



Then while they tinker round the train, as sentry Denny prowls.
He does not like the bodings of those distant wolfish howls.

"The wolves are on us!" soon he cries, and clambers on the car;
Altho' he knows a few short steps to wolves will be no bar.



He pokes his camera at the beasts. In attitudes they pose,
With tourists as a steady fare, the kodak's use each knows.

The picture's done. The proof is shown. A single head is caught!
It is the chieftain of the pack, who for possession fought.

So funny is the portrait it delights the entire pack.
They laugh 'till silly—whilst the train goes bounding down the track

LITTLE DENNY MUD — HE OWNS A CAMERA

(Copyright 1911 by The Tribune Company, Chicago, Ill.)

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Here's Denny Mud in Africa! Since Teddy said good-by,
The wolves are all an lonesome that all night they moan and cry.

As tent life's not exciting and mosquitoes soon prove tame,
Brave Denny's on the warpath for some fiercer, larger game.

Ere long his wish is well fulfilled. His yearning for a fuss
Is answered when the swamp reveals a hippopotamus!

Now fast and fleet discretion Denny's valor doth displace.
A snu[illegible]pon in a tree soon terminates a race.

The hippo dances 'round beneath. Distressing 'tis, indeed!
Then Denny with a flashlight case stoops down, the beast to feed.

It nips the stuff with relish and its teeth begin to grind,
The finish of this mudlark in the picture you will find.

LITTLE DENNY MUD — HE OWNS A CAMERA

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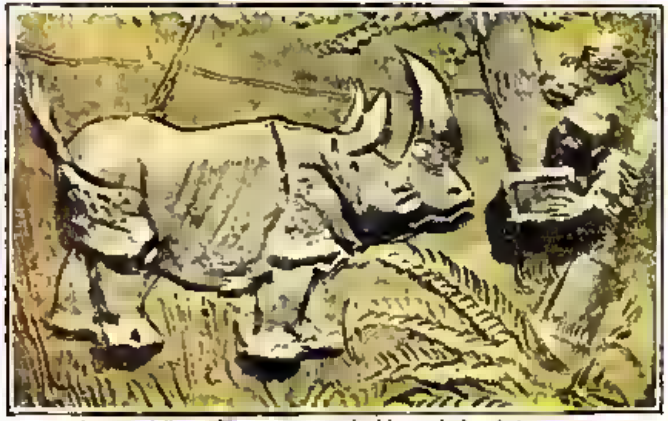
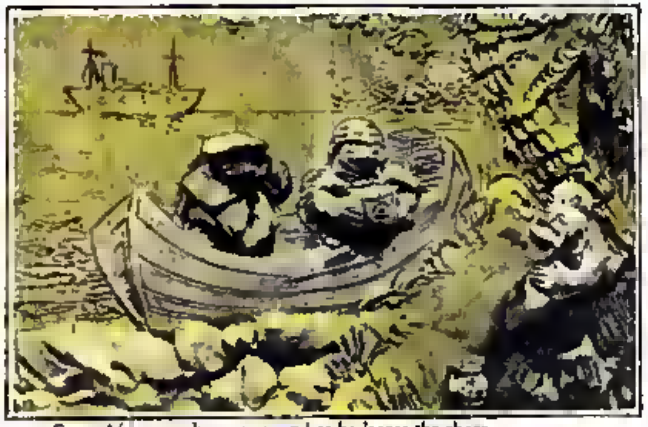


A huge and fierce rhinoceros is tracked beneath the glades.
When Denny snoops him near a tree he's warned by both his aids.

Behold! The living batt'ring ram now stoops its armored head.
Then speeds across the spiky grass. It is a beast to dread

Crash! Bump! Its horn now stabs a tree behind which Denny shrunk.
The rhino strives to free itself; not so the sinbborn trunk.

Soon Denny is by mercy moved. His flashlight makes a flare.
The rhino's blown to freedom, but its horn remains right there!



From Africa our hero goes, and as he leaves the shore.
His brave and faithful servants stand and smile for him once more.

What's this? A storm of crazy sounds the sea blown air now fill.
It's from the beasts, which cheer the man that hunted not to kill.